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NOBILITY OF LABOR.

We do not discuss Kipling in literary
societies so much nowadays as we did
when his light first shone from India,
but the force his work has exerted on
the thought of the world is, we believe,
an increasing one, and back of even what
seems to be his most hasty verse, there
is usually a striking moral. Most of us
remember—

"An I sign for four pound, ten a month and save
the money clear,
An' I'm in charge of the lower deck, an' I never
lose a shilling;
An' I believe in Almighty God, an' I preach His
gospel here."

It is from "Mulholland's Contract," the
tale of a strange contract by which Mul-
holland, caring for crazy steers on a
cattle steamer, agrees, in a time of great
danger, that if the Lord gets him to port
salver—

"I would exalt His name,
An' praise His holy majesty till further orders came.
It was not an unprecedented contract.
We remember how Jacob, fleeing from
the wrath of Esau, and sleeping with a
stone for a pillow, had a vision. On
waking he vowed himself to some such
contract as Mulholland's—that if the Lord
would bring him back safe to his father's
land, "then shall the Lord be my God."

But to return to Mulholland. There is
probably no calling at which a man may
earn a livelihood that is more dangerous,
fuller of great risks, and contains less
of joy than the task of caring for cattle
on the crummy steamers that carry Amer-
ica's surplus beef to Europe. Mul-
holland, down in the hold, had an inclination
to religion, and when he made his vow,
with the fear of death before him, he
thought that he might keep it by getting
out of the cattle trade and preaching
angels. As he says—

"I wanted to preach religion handsome, an' out of
the west."

But he came to see that his real work
lay where it had always lain, among the
cattle and the cattlemen, on God's high
seas; and the value of the lesson he
learned is that it emphasizes the fact
that it is the duty of all of us,
not to quit work and go to preaching the
Gospel, but to serve and glorify God
through the work that He has given us to
do in the world. There is no surer or
better way to serve Him, to win thorough
happiness, or to secure that fine and
placid content that allows us a helpful
and hopeful outlook on life.

Prayer, after all, is valuable only to
ourselves. The best and the truest
prayers are those which we answer for
ourselves, by our own strife, our own
endeavor, our own work. It was Kipling,
again, who wrote—

"It seems to be that when we pray,
Grant this day that we run into no
kind of danger," we ought to lay our
stress on the "run" rather than on the
"danger"; to ask God not to take away
the danger by altering the course of
nature, but to give us light and guid-
ance whereby to avoid it.

To run away from danger; to flee tempta-
tion; to work out our own salvation—
these are the duties that are laid upon
all of us, that are within our reach every
day.

Most of the sadness, the bitterness, the
disappointment of this life comes be-
cause of neglect of work, either because
a man has no work to do—a condition
that may chance to both the rich and
the unfortunate—or because, having it
to do, he does not do it with all his
heart, because he does not give the best
of himself, his soul, his mind, his con-
science to the task. God needs the best
work that a man can do. As the old
violin maker says in George Eliot's poem—

"God needs best men to help him;
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

And, as Holland wrote—

"So long as a man has vitality to spare
upon work, it must be used, or it will
become a source of grievous, harassing
discontent. A man out of work is a
dead man, even if he is the possessor
of millions. The world walks straight
over him and his memory. Drive at
something, so long as the hand is strong
and steady, and do not think to rest this
side of the narrow bed where the sleep
will be too deep for dreams and the
waking will open into infinite leisure."

We need not, perhaps, agree with Hol-
land about that "infinite leisure" in the
next world, because such a thought would
appeal little to the man who has done
his work on earth nobly, without com-
plaining; feeling himself a weapon in
God's hand for the betterment of the
universe. There has always been in the
unlighted mind a desire toward idleness,
to regard it as an aristocratic privi-
lege; but the true aristocracy, the true
nobility, is found in the ranks of those
who remember to "work, for the night
cometh, when no man shall labor." As
Dean Farrar wrote—

"Our Lord wished to show that labor
is a pure and noble thing; it is the salt
of life; it is the girdle of manliness; it
saves the body from effeminate languor
and the soul from polluting

thoughts. And, therefore, Christ labored,
working with His own hands, and fash-
ioned yokes and plows for those who
needed them."

Bearing His example in mind, who can
doubt that labor is noble—good work,
well done, a sincere and earnest tribute
to the God that made us!

It is naturally in order to say regarding
the new Washington postmaster that
Merritt wins.

A Progressive President.

President Taft defines a progressive
Republican as "one who recognizes ex-
isting and concrete evils, and who is in
favor of practical and definite steps to
eradicate them," and a party of radical-
ism or a party of ultra conservatism.
Both definitions are correct.

Although speaking as a Republican—a
progressive Republican, whose adminis-
tration, by means of practical and defi-
nite steps, has done much in its eighteen
months to eradicate concrete evils—he
speaks also as a true, independent Ameri-
can when he says that the present popu-
lar impulse, due so largely to the crusade
initiated by Mr. Roosevelt, "ought to re-
sult in a useful and permanent bet-
terment of our politics." Every patriot
to-day is inspired with that high hope,
but every one of them, too, realizes, with
the President, that, after all, the duty
devolves upon the individual voter to see
to it that the country's righteous impulse
be turned to good account.

He touches the very essence of repre-
sentative government in his utterances
when he gives approving recognition to
the movement to eliminate the "middle-
man in politics," party bossism, and the
party machine—a movement which can
only succeed through a system of honest
primaries and direct nominations, with
attendant safeguards, such as the really
progressive States of the Union already
are putting into operation.

The President, by his acts, and further
by his latest speech, is proving a more
genuine, practical civil service reformer
than any other Executive we have had
since Grover Cleveland, the last im-
mediate predecessor at the White House
not excepted.

A suggestion in Cleveland's day, such
as is now made, that all postmasters, col-
lectors of revenue, collectors and sur-
veyors of customs, and appraisers "ought"
ultimately to be in the classified service,
would have been considered well-nigh
revolutionary, but now will be hailed by
all right-thinking people with approval
as an honest, businesslike proposition.
Thus have we progressed.

As to improvement of the civil service,
the President speaks with wisdom. The
governmental danger which he points out
of useful associations of classified em-
ployees being perverted into combinations
to control salaries and service is not
imaginary, but real, and calls even now
for restraint.

The purely political phases of Mr. Taft's
address before the League of Republican
Clubs, of which, happily, there are few,
do not concern us, in this connection, but
we do applaud, and applaud heartily, the
sane progressive sentiments which he
voices, and especially the optimistic note
which gives to them the right American
ring. The country has indeed eradicated
many evils and, in marked degree, mini-
mized many more. Its politics, though
still corrupt, is freer from corruption
than ever before and we can the better
make continued progress by looking at
things squarely and hopefully and going
ahead bravely and optimistically, as the
President is obviously doing.

The New York speech is in keeping with
those delivered by Mr. Taft at St. Paul
and Cincinnati, and a worthy contribu-
tion to present-day discussions. It is
especially reassuring by contrast with the
wild philosophy from other quarters that
has marked our entrance upon a strange
and abnormally mixed political campaign.

To choose between "Gov." Stimson and
"Gov." Dix will leave New York people
in a very hard fix.

Great Britain's Industrial Crisis.

There can be little doubt that labor
conditions in England are rapidly driv-
ing the working people toward social-
ism. It used to be thought that the labor
unions acted as a bulwark against the
encroachments of socialism, but so great
has been the discontent, the difficulties of
securing employment, and the reduction
of wages that it would seem that the
socialists have actually captured the labor
unions.

One pregnant result of this is the close
alliance that is being formed between
widely separated trades. Under the old
trades-union system, the men of each
separate trade entered into contracts
with their employers, and if there was a
dispute that could not be settled by ar-
bitration and a strike resulted, that
strike was confined rigidly to that particu-
lar trade. Now the movement is toward
a greater and stronger unionism, and
all trades are to be allied, making the
quarrel of one trade the business of
all, and thus making it possible, too, for
a gigantic strike that would tie up every
trade in England. In another way, too,
the influence of socialism has been felt
practically. It is proposed, now, to re-
pudiate all contracts between employer
and employee that limit the right of the
employee to insist upon the best possible
terms for labor, or to strike whenever
their demands, as a means of enforcing
their demands. The contracts entered into
by the leaders of the labor unions are
not to be held valid; the men are not to
consider themselves bound by the old
labor leaders, but are to do as they see
fit, without reference to old agreements.

So far has this tendency gone that at
the recent Trades Union Congress, held
in England, it was resolved by a big
majority to form a national confeder-
ation of all trades. It was freely discussed,
and it was stated that the object of this
was to make it possible to bring about
a universal strike. This is the weapon
that the English socialists have been
forging quietly for years, and it is now
nearly ready to their hands. It will be
a weapon that may prove practically in-
vincible. It will not only be able to
coerce the employers of labor into com-
plying with labor's demands, but it will
be able to make its power felt even by
the government itself, and will be able,

undoubtedly, to force the government to
comply with socialist demands in the
matter of legislation.

In the meantime, unrest among the
British workmen is growing rapidly.
Strikes and lockouts are in progress in
various of the big cities. The biggest
strike is that of the shipworkers and
chainmakers, and this has been going on
so long, and it is thought its cause is
so just, that there is talk of calling a
universal trades strike in support of the
shipworkers and chainmakers, and, also,
to influence the government and awe the
ministry right on the eve of an election.
The results of such a universal strike
may well be disastrous to British trade
abroad. Already much has been heard
of delayed contracts and of German com-
petitors stepping in where British firms
have failed, simply because of the labor
situation. Undoubtedly, a universal union
of trades in England will possess enor-
mous strength; but in that very strength
may lie its weakness and its certainty
of failure; for it does not seem that
among the British socialists there has
arisen any man or set of men who have
shown either fitness or ability to use
such gigantic power, either conserva-
tively or with wisdom.

The Mexican Herald says that the visit-
ing editors have seen the country from
terra firma to tierra caliente. Did they
recognize either place?

Merrill old England is not going to the
dogs, if they did elect a teetotaler lord
mayor of London.

The original Little Dorrit is dead, but
the original Little Eva is still playing the
Texas circuit.

The prohibitionists would not even in-
dorse a man named Waterman for gov-
ernor of Rhode Island.

Mr. Rockefeller wanted to give a boy a
dollar the other day, but found he had
not that sum in his pocket. Talk about
hard times!

The Sultan of Sulu expresses himself as
delighted with the electric street cars.
But, then, the traction officials were care-
ful to see that he had neither to hang on
to a strap nor climb over the end-seat hog.

It is on Wednesday of this week that
Hoke Smith is to learn his fate.

The fact that there are 25,000,000 widows
in India shows what comes of emulating
the spirit of Houston.

The aviator that goes out after a record
against time has no chance on earth.
Time has had too much practice at the
game.

An axiom of professional politics is
that when a boss makes the slate it is
the people who are slated.

The Providence Journal wants to know
if the masculine guests at a wedding have
a right to kiss the bride. By no means.
No one has a right to kiss a girl. It is
a privilege, sir!

Representative Tawney, having once
been a blacksmith's apprentice, is, of
course, accustomed to the anvil chorus.

New York courts have decided that a
man may change his name without ap-
peal to the courts. This offers an avenue
of escape to Dr. Cook and to Billy Lor-
mer.

"Until Eternity" is the name of the
play in which Margaret Hillington returns
from matrimony to the stage. Maybe
she will stick to it this time.

"When all women dress well, divorces
will be fewer," says Lillian Russell. And
yet, so far as we could observe, the fair
Lillian was always a "swell dresser."

The Sultan of Sulu must at least leave
a sigh of regret that insurgency was not
as popular in his time as it is now.

It is costing an aviator and a half a
week to learn the art of flying.

KIRAM OF SULU.

"Living Symbol of Teddy's Triumphant
Imperialism."

From the Milwaukee Free Press.
Our one and only Sultan, Kiram of Sulu,
is now in our midst, and if any visitor
from foreign parts was ever entitled to a
good time it is this sprig of far Eastern
royalty.

Kiram is the right sort and a better
American than some of the frock-coated
gentry that would put him through the
paces.

We need not rehearse that he was of in-
estimable service to this country in the
subjugation of the Philippines, to say
nothing of his service to George Ade in
providing him with the material for his
best musical comedy.

He is also remarkable for being one of
the few officers in the Federal service who
got his job without a political pull, and
because he was actually fitted for it.

True it is, that Kiram, along with his
sultanees salary, has also put aside the
hectic frivolities of the Orient. The foot-
fall of slaves no longer tinkles on his
turfed floors, and the corridors of his
harem now resemble those of time for
emptiness.

If there ever was a rapid "progressive,"
both in politics and morals, our one and
only Sultan is that one, and if he could
have been temporarily made a citizen we
have no doubt that he would have been
found at Saratoga working for Theodore
Roosevelt.

All the other Federal officeholders were
there, and Kiram would have come in
handy as a living symbol of Teddy's tri-
umphant imperialism.

Be that as it may, we wish for Kiram
a "perfectly corking time" while on our
shores. He has it coming, not only for
what he has done for his adopted country,
but for the copy he will afford the brain-
fagged journalist.

And most of all, we hope that the great
American republic, of which he is such a
staunch admirer, may not prove disillusion-
ing on first-hand inspection.

In other words, may there be for him no
"cold gray dawn of the morning after,"
as there was for the mimic sultan of the
play.

Shock Was Too Great.

From the Chicago Tribune.
Lady—What's become of the other clerk
who used to be at this window?
Ticket Clerk—Oh, he's in a lunatic asy-
lum.

Lady—Indeed?
Ticket Clerk—Yes, one day a woman
got a ticket and went away without
asking any questions.

Wouldn't This Stump You?
From the New York Post.
Banker (dumbfounded)—What's that?
Say that again.

Applicant—I said I would like to mort-
gage my automobile in order to buy a
home!

POLITICAL COMMENT.

A Progressive, Practical Man.

From the New York World.
In Kansas Mr. Roosevelt is a "progres-
sive reformer." In New York he is a
"practical man." Kansas does not con-
tribute to the Republican campaign fund
in New York, but Wall Street does. In
Kansas Mr. Roosevelt was preaching the
beautiful gospel of the new nationalism,
which is to free all government "from the
sinister influence or control of special
interests." In New York he is bossing a
State campaign, and he wants nothing
said about the sources of the campaign
fund until the money has been raised
and spent.

The Role of Diaz.
From the New York Sun.
If Mr. Roosevelt wins in 1910 and later
in 1912, who shall say that it will not be
within his power to play in this country
the role of Porfirio Diaz? Time was
when this was impossible, but who can
say that the dangerous concentra-
tion of governmental power in Wash-
ington has not made it possible for any
President who is unembarrassed by con-
siderations of decency or legality, to per-
petuate his power by choking the busi-
ness interests of the country into abject
submission?

Beveridge's Future.
From the Philadelphia North American.
The nation needs Albert J. Beveridge,
and will use his gifts and courage and
pure principle in many a capacity in the
years to come. If not in the Senate,
there will be room in some progressive
Cabinet. If not a governor—well, there
are higher posts for which he will be
fitted in his ripening years. America
knows Beveridge for what he is. Not
even his own State can bind and beat
him. For America has some need of such
Americans, and will not be denied.

The Colonel and the Tariff.
From the New York Journal of Commerce.
Mr. Roosevelt is yet to get his bearings
on the tariff question, and if there is to
be a progressive policy, which will
divorce great and corrupt "interests"
from politics and from legislation and the
administration of affairs, it must have a
different guiding light upon this main
issue than yet appears.

Picturesque Campaign Assured.
From the Savannah Morning News.
There is no doubt that Col. Roosevelt
will conduct a picturesque campaign. He
believes that the people have confidence
in him and they will follow his lead.
He has much reason for this belief. The
forces arrayed against him are so
great and there are so many objections to
him personally that the chances are that
he will meet with disappointment.

Advice to Democratic Patriots.
From the Boston Post.
To all Democratic patriots: When on
the morning of November 9 we wigwag
the order, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor
devils are dying," be as considerate as
possible toward the victims of the cata-
clysm, but the repression of enthusiasm
must not be so great as to render the
steam pressure dangerous to the party
bolter.

Civil Service Reform.
From the Christian Science Monitor.
Far away as it looked to everybody in
Grover Cleveland's time, far away as it
may look to many now, the fact is evi-
dently coming soon when even the first-
class postmaster will be an official who
has taken examinations, and has reached
his high position, not through political
pull, but through personal merit.

AN AGE OF HYPOCRISY.

Country Needs an Apostle of Order,
Decency, and Sanity.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.
"In the seat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread."
This was the old Biblical command, but
we are living away from such an archaic
idea now. We will have the government
provide for us, and we shall establish a
"great steward" at Washington, who
shall run the government without annoy-
ance from the courts or embarrassment
from the Constitution. If our neighbor is
wealthy, he is a criminal; we will, there-
fore, vote his money away from him
and have the government divide it. If
there is not enough to go around for all
the voters to receive some, we will vote the
money out of the treasury.

The government is to take charge of
all earthly affairs and leave nothing for
Divine Providence to do. We will have
an election and shorten hours without
reducing wages. We will have no more
poverty, and we will imprison the rich
and spend their money.

Courts are "fossilized," constitutions
are "archaic." A new spirit has come
over us. We will have a surplus of
the great protecting divinity, which will sup-
port us, and there will be no more neces-
sity for work or thrift.

We are "progressives." We have pro-
gressed beyond the plea for equal rights.
We have drawn up a new draft of
human rights, and it is not a plea for
liberty, but a demand for a divisible
share of the property of others without
rendering an equivalent, but through the
mere act of voting. Vote, ye, and not
labor, is to be the chief work of man.

What an age of political hypocrisy we
are living in! What an opportunity for
some strong man to stand up and raise a
sound and sane voice against the political
hysteria of the times! We need an apostle
of order, decency, and sanity. We need
some man to teach that the people should
support the government, not be the gov-
ernment the people. We do not need
new revelations. The words are full of
new revelations. We only need to have
the old truths presented to us. We need
only to go back to the Biblical injunction
and labor for what we eat. We need
more men to support their families, and
we need fewer of that kind who spend
their times "saving the government" and
talking politics. We have a surplus of
politicians and a shortage of workers.

And we need some truth and sincerity.

What Her Back.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"Mamma, said little Ethel, with a dis-
couraging look on her face, 'I ain't got
nothing to school any more.'"
"Why, my dearie, what's the matter?"
the mother gently inquired.

"Cause it ain't no use at all. I can
never learn to spell. The teacher keeps
changing the words on me all the time."

Greatly Overrated.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"Mrs. Gaswell, while you were in
Venice did you see the Bridge of Sighs?"
"Oh, yes, I saw what they called that,
but, my land, I've seen bridges ten
times its size, without ever going out of
Pennsylvania!"

Demonstrative.
From the New York Post.
"For a spring chicken, madam," said
Dawson, "I must confess that I consider
this a pretty tough bird." "Yes, Mr.
Dawson," replied the landlady, amiably,
"but you must remember that we have
had a pretty tough spring."

SOCIAL GOSSIP OF
FOREIGN CAPITALS

Seldom have so many European thrones
been occupied at one and the same time
by monarchs whose offspring still are in
or near the nursery room as they are at
the present moment. This lack of mar-
riageable princesses no doubt is one of
the causes of the youthful marriage of
Portugal still is in the market. But then
the deplorable double tragedy at Lisbon,
which cut short the lives of King Carlos
the Fat and his son and heir by the
bullets of assassins, while returning
from church in an open barouche, per-
haps also has something to do with a
seemingly pronounced aversion on the
part of princely demoielles to wear a
crown as thronas as that of little Lud-
tania, with a prospect of an untimely
and violent death. They are a rum lot,
these latter-day Portuguese of the two
largest cities of the land, Lisbon and
Oporto, where the struggle to throw off
the hated yoke of the "foreigners" (the
reigning house at present, through inter-
marriage, is German—Saxe-Coburg—
though it cannot be said truthfully that
the former dynasty (Braganza) was a
whit better—rather far worse). But the
primitive tillers of the soil have been
brought up in unwavering loyalty to
their former rulers, who were staunch
Catholics, and not only so by adoption
upon ascending the throne. Not to speak
of the wastefulness of the late Carlos,
who stopped at nothing to get much
needed cash from the state treasury for
his favorites at the cost of the public
well, his land well high being ruined by
exorbitant taxation.

There is a scarcity of royal brides in
Europe, that is true, and were it not
for the newly-made kingdom of Mont-
enegro, the natives call their craggy moun-
tain fastness Czernagora, meaning Black
Mountains, or in civilized language Mon-
tenegro, there would be still less. As it
is there are eight of them among the
eighteen principal courts, of whom, of
course, the most combed is the Ger-
man Emperor's only daughter, Princess
Victoria Louise, just turned eighteen. But
she is hardly for Manuel. More likely,
her father has his eagle eye upon the
heir to the Austrian throne, Archduke
Frazz Ferdinand, whom the Kaiser is to
visit shortly at his Alpine estate, Cren-
berg. That both courts are slightly agi-
tated upon the union, is well understood in
the inner circles at Berlin and Vienna.

Denmark has two princesses of kindly
degree, Tyra, aged thirty, and her twen-
ty-year-old sister, Dagmar. In England,
Princess Patricia of Connaught and Prin-
cess Alexandra of Fife are the only two
of sufficient age to contemplate matrimony.
Patricia's name persistently is
coupled with that of the Marquess of
Anglesia, (Earl of Uxbridge), of the fa-
mous house of Paget. Alexandra, the
grandchild of the late King Edward, has
been prevented from making her debut
at Buckingham Palace by her grand-
father's death.

There are three more marriageable
ladies to be accounted for, but neither of
them of very noble lineage, and where
Portugal's king is hardly likely to look
for his queen. Princess Helene of Ser-
bia is rather plain and twenty-six, while
Xenia and Vera of Montenegro are both
getting on in years. There are some Aus-
trian and German princesses, but not
kings' daughters, though of the same
family, but it looks as though Manuel
would prefer, if allowed by his cortes,
to wait for the budding generation which
will have grown up sufficiently before he,
himself, reaches the age of twenty-five.

Baroness Moncheur, wife of the Belgian
minister to the Sublime Porte, is visiting
America. The baroness is the daughter of
Gen. and Mrs. Powell Clayton, and has
been at the Turkish capital only a year,
since the transfer of her husband from
Washington, where for a number of
years he had been Belgian minister.

The beautiful girl caught the eye of
the baron when her father was our am-
bassador to Mexico, and M. de Mon-
cheur was secretary of the Belgian leg-
ation there. Baron Moncheur, whose
first wife was a Miss Hoffman, of Balti-
more, then was a widower and had the
care of his three daughters, small and
helpless. Miss Clayton met and charmed
him, learned that his title was old and
honorable, and his relations with King
Leopold, his liege lord, of the most favor-
able nature, and she took but little
time for her to encourage his ardor.

The wedding was celebrated with splen-
dor, for Gen. Clayton afforded the best
possible setting, and in course of time
the cherished ambition of their being ac-
credited to Washington was achieved.

The baroness proved a thoughtful step-
mother to the Moncheur girls, and things
ran along domestically so serenely that
another daughter was added to their
family.

She was even more beautiful as mat-
ron than as maid, and artists begged
for sittings. Many of her portraits
adorned the salons, and the fame of the
baroness spread. Before leaving this
country Baron Moncheur received the con-
gratulations of his friends on the birth
of a son and heir to his title, and the
happy little Mr. and Mrs. Moncheur
with their mother in this country were
in the land.

FLANER.
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PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

In the Same Category with Magis-
trates Who Must Have Fees.

From the St. Louis Star.
Recent advances from Budapest are to
the effect that Michael Barl, the public
executioner, has complained because he
has not enough work to do. It would ap-
pear that Mr. Michael Barl kills his vic-
tims on commission, and that the present
day methods are interfering with his
business.

He has addressed a letter of protest to